

Cobbler

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THE

COBBLER'S POLITICS:

A

Country DIALOGUE,

ON THE

PRESENT TIMES.

NAZ

Dat veniam Corvis, vexat censura Columbas.

Juv. Sat 2. 1. 6

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THE
OBLER's POLITICS

COLLEGE OF NEW YORK

BY JAMES OBLER

MAY 1811

BY JAMES OBLER

To T. B----n.

PoETICAL SIR,

SITTING in a Corner of a Country Alehouse
the other Day, I overheard the following Dialogue: One of them, whom they called George,
I took for a Blacksmith, because of his swarthy
Complexion: The other (being much the greater
Politician) I soon found was a Cobler.

Their Discourse and Manner of reasoning I thought
so much above their Appearance, and so a pro po
to the present Times, that I soon resolved to put
them down in paraphrastic Doggrel, and send them
to you as a Present, either to publish, or suppress,
just as your whimmy Fancy pleased.

If

If the Cobler thought proper now and then to use a little *Billingsgate* Language, I hope your critical Eyes will overlook it, because the Subjects appear so naturally to demand it; and as to others whose tender Peepers cannot bear the resurgent Blaze of Truth, I advise them to wink like Owls in the Sun, or put the *Cobler's Politics* under the Tea-kettle; for should they be offered up as a Sacrifice to *Cloacina*, they may perhaps give them the P--es.

I am, Sir,

Your unknown humble Servant,

N A Z.

THE

(3)

THE

COBLER'S POLITICS, &c.

G E O R G E.

D RAY tell me Friend *Robin*, what means all this Tattle
Of signing Sheep-skins o'th' *American Bustle*?

R O B I N.

I apprehend it, some Sign for a War,
And want the Poor slaughter'd, both Soldier and Tar.

G E O.

Some this is strange—and the Dule of a Temper;
Var, and in Blood-shed, our Friends thus to hamper.

R O B.

's true, as the Gospel—But view the World wide,
Interest makes Villains to warp o'th' wrong Side.

B

G E O.

(6)

G E O.

But pr'ythee now Robin, what says t'other Party?

R O B.

For Peace, and for Quietness, they are all very hearty.

G E O.

Now God's Peace be with 'em—quo' George, in this Glass,
Here's a hearty good Health to them all, by the Mass :
But Teastrils that study their Brethen to murther
The Dule skin them all—but go on, tell me further.

R O B.

These Tykes stuff their Parchments with Flatt'ry and Fraud
Glue up the K---'s Eyes, and make Truth in't a Bawd :
The ruinous Measures pursu'd of late Years
Approve, nay applaud—they shou'd mourn for, with Tears
Call ev'ry hard Grievance a Rebel's Pretence,
Which will ruin our Trade, and drive Liberty hence :
And bring Hannoverians (*here Rhime wants a Halter*)
To keep Port-Mabon, and preserve Gibralter !
And Hunger-bit Germans, with Pay more than double
Are hir'd to cut Throats, to save Englishmen Trouble.

G E

(7)

G E O.

Hold *Robin*, said *George*, thou drives on so fast
I cannot keep with thee; and join first to th' last:
But what is all this to th' *Americans*, pray thee?

R O B.

I'll tell thee so truly, there's none can gain-say me.
They've alter'd their Charters; depriv'd them of fishing;
Debarr'd them their Rights, and left nought worth their wishing.
Deny'd Habeas Corpus, and Trials by Juries;
Made Admiral Courts, which will rule them like Furies;
Establish'd a Popedom; nurst Papists like Mothers;
But persecute Cousins, and ruin their Brothers.
Made the Bill of *Quebec*, a strong Crutch for the Pope;
For which let Majority, *each* find a Rope)
By Parliament Acts, seize their Money, and Goods,
And drive them to live, like the *Indians* in Woods.

G E O.

Why surely the like to't was ne'er heard before!
No Jews, Turks, or Papists, cou'd ever do more.

(8)

R O B.

No more, *George!* then hear me, and thou may'st believe,
I scorn to belye them, or thee to deceive—
They've made all the Judges dependant o'th' Crown ;
A Thing so unheard of, was never yet known !
'Gainst natural Right, against Law, and good Sense
'Th' accused when here, had no legal Defence.
No Agent or Counsel for them must be heard,
But from Law and from Justice, entirely debarr'd.
They hir'd a *Scotch Lawyer*, t'abuse Doctor *Franklin*,
For which a *Scotch Ministry* paid him, and thank'd him.
They've burnt some good Towns, and ruin'd poor *Boston*,
And murder'd some brave Men, we all mourn the Loss on.
Our M-n----y value nor Right, Law, or Charter,
But for Pow'r and Int'rest, they all three wou'd barter.
But *Britons* will pay them, or sore I'm mistaken,
For Villains by Nature, shou'd ne'er save their Bacon.

G E O.

Besides, if Report tells us true, I hear, *Robin*,
The *Scots* int' all Places, their Noses do job in.

R O B.

(9)

R O B.

That starv'd northern Swarm, like the Vandals of yore,
Than Locusts more keen, rob from Shore unto Shore!
Commissions i'th' Army—Commands in the Fleet—
Large Pensions and Places, are laid at their Feet;
As if not a *Briton*, born South of the *Tweed*,
Was able, or worthy to serve us in need;
But a Rebel to *England* lies lurking behind,
And dances each Puppet, just to his own Mind;
And strives to make Breaches, 'twixt Subject and King,
That *Stuarts* may enter, and High-masses sing.

G. E. O.

Thou'st e'en said enough—and more than I ever
Could think or believe, were the whole put together!
But hark thee, old Neighbour, I hear whining *Wesley*
Has written a conjuring Paper—(Lord bless me !)

R O B.

His Calm Address, *Georgey*, thou means, as I guess ;
That canting mix'd Hodge-podge ; no more, nor no less ;

C

In

In which Inconsistency stars Folk i'th' Face,
Yet Impudence for it expects—a good Place.

G E O.

Then he writ it to serve as a Ladder of Rope
To pass on the Clergy, and mount *English Pope*.

R O B.

Yes, I know the old Fox kens when th' Iron's hot,
When Knavery triumphs, and Truth goes to Pot :
He peeps round to see what old Time will bring forth,
Lifts one Hand to God, and the other to North :
He wheedles his Lambkins to heighten his Gains,
And pilfers his Writings from other Men's Brains :
He says, and then unsays it, just as Times go ;
A Goddess makes Liberty—then a *Dutch Frow*.
His claim unto Prophecy, Miracles, Wit,
Who reads but his Journals, his Sides he must split :
He stares up to Heaven with Heart that's all Mammon,
Holds forth against Bacon, then dines upon Gammon.
But Speech is defil'd with off'ring to paint
This motly odd Creature—this pious sweet Saint !

G E

(II)

G E O.

he be a true Saint, I'm sadly mista'en,
hat writes, prays, and preaches, and all for pure Gain.

R O B.

But let's leave this Canter, and speak of another,
Whose doubly-bronz'd Bacon Face, speaks him his Brother :
Parson, wrapt up in his Cassock and Band,
Shame to the Clergy throughout the whole Land.

G E O.

that be the Case.—why don't they cashier him ?

R O B.

hat's done already—for no one will hear him.
is Sermons quite suffocate Folk with their smell,
hey're larded so strongly with Sulphur and Hell :
n Vanity's Pinions he foareth so high,
Truth skims out of Sight, and Sense cannot come nigh ;
is Name *Doctor Absolute*—Writes in a Cause
Destructive of Liberty, Commerce, and Laws ;
right mongrel Black-coat, of F. S. A. Blood,
ies basking in Falshood, and rolls in its Mud ;

A Giant in Scandal—a Hero in Lies—
 Would fain, like the Basilisk, kill with his Eyes ;
 Whose Notions fly winged where'er the Whim leads,
 Or like th' Amphisbæna, crawls on, with two Heads ;
 When vex'd wou'd defame both his King, and his G—
 And send you to Hell with a Look or a Nod— — —
 Ah— *Doctor*, thy Letters to *S—n—y* and *H—n—by*
 Were read—then abhorr'd; and thy own Party scorn'd the
 Thy true Brimstone Genius did glaringly shine,
 And Murder and Blood-shed blaz'd forth in each Line !
 To Day all for Tyranny in the worst Sense,
 Next, *Mancunian Patriot* is thy Pretence :
 Thy Pride still intoxicates every just Thought,
 And Right and Wrong, pat, to thy Balance is brought.
 In haughty bold Impudence none can surpass thee,
 As witness thy scurrilous Letters to *M—f—y*.
 A Billingsgate Muse with a hundred foul Tongues
 Cann't vent so much Ordure as to thee belongs.
 In Styx may old Charon thy fiery Soul quench,
 For fland'ring such Virtues, as honour the Bench :

hose Names will endure; whilst thine with a Puff
ill pass like a Vapour, and stink like a Snuff.

G E O.

ough of such Vermin—or rather too much,
d on the great Clergy pray give me a Touch:
mean how the Lawn-sleeves and Mitres behave;
e they're all for Peace, and this Blood fain wou'd save.

R O B.

! George—that I cou'd but confirm that good Thought,
quite different News in each Paper is brought:
the tenths of the Bishops—deplorable Case—
vote to establish the Popish Grimace!
ey hold with Scotch Politics; foolish and weak;
silent, but when they for Tyranny speak:
ey bow down and worship great Bel, and the Dragon,
ich some call Preferment, and Simony brag on;
when wanton Power, and sweet Interest join,
y'll part none, 'till drown'd like the Gergesene Swine,
sure as my Hammer doth peilt hard on Leather,
teen of their Heads shou'd be knock'd hard together.

G E O.

Quo' George, by the Miss, and had I the knocking,
I'd make ev'ry Scull soft as Fuz-ball, or Stocking:
But Robin, too much of these great Rogues is vain,
Pray how do the Parsons in gen'ral demean?

R O B.

Hum—George—I am sorry—they're Chips o'th' same Blood

G E O.

Why then, by th' Church-steeple, I'm none of their Flock
If Conscience lies snoring and Interest bears sway,
I'll never believe them, whatever they say.

R O B..

Why, George, when did Parsons their Interest forsake,
Or miss a Preferment wou'd butter a Cake?
They'll point thee the Road unto Bliss with both Hands,
But still as a Guide-post, the Parson he stands :
And poor humble Creature, will for a good Slice
Of sordid cold Earth, give you Mansions i'th' Skies :

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Parsons are Parsons at M——r too,
L——rp—l, Litchfield, and all the World thro'.

G E O.

th' Miss honest *Robin* I think thou canst preach,
point truer Doctrines than ever they'll teach :
plain as a Pike-staff their *All* is below ;
here's to thee, *Robin*, for now I must go.

R O B.

willing enough—but first let us drink
the Sentiments proper to th' Times, as I think ;
thou, and I too, as we sail in this Ship,
y sure wish its Safety, and dread a false Trip.

G E O.

th all my Heart *Robin*, for sure I can drink 'em
thou can propose 'em, or ever once think 'em.

R O B.

re's wishing the M-n——ry, headed by th' Mitres,
st lead up, at *Boston*, our regular Fighters ;

And stand the same Chance, which they force upon tho
Who are wiser, and better, by far, as Fame goes. —
So God bless the King, *George*, and send him such Eyes
As may blast all the Knaves, and more honest Men prize
And wishing it never prove *England's* hard Lot,
To be rul'd by a *Stuart*, a *Knave*, or a *Scot*.

F . I . N . I . S .

